

(1)

ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN
AN
ODE

(7)

Hail, grief struck't Muse, O rouse a pace !
Sorrow pour'd furth, may give thee some solace ;
Rouse and shake off Astonishment,
Unbowel straight , let anguish vent,
Grief great like thine, tears, rends, yea kills, when clofly pent ;
Yet let thy mourning Tune, I pray,
Be tempered with a fair Essay,
To blend thy Sorrows with some grains of joy
Taken from Hopes meek alloy :
No higher Pow'rs thou needs invock,
To help thee at this mourning Schock,
Nor influence, thee to inspire ;
But to be warm'd with true Coelestial Fire :
Or bend thy whole Desire
To get a sparkle of that glorious Light,
With which on earth she glow'd, burnow in Heav'n shines bright.
Hence flash' ^{1.} ~~trains~~ ^{2.} ~~begone~~ and flaunts of hollow witt,
Such bagatels, doth not this Subject fit,

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Grief-beaten Muse if thou wouldst fain

Rally thy scattered force again:

Wouldst thou yet sparkle with a blazing vein:

Then let thy bold career,

Let thy Parade, thy tour be here,

A soaring, lofty, solid strain,

A strain that may by this Disaster show

The vanity of all things here below:

A strain that may rouse Men immerst in Sensualitie,

And let all by this vive Example see

What it is alone that can

The raking, aiming, vast Desires of Man,

Completely satisfy.

My stupid Muse streight alarm'd,

And with the great Design, O strangely charm'd,

Well weighing all the Circumstances,

'Twixt Hope and Grief, 'twixt Pain and Ease,

Still begging Mercy if her Zeal displease,

Thus in the bold Adventure she ingenuously advances

Vain Man, whose dazeling glistening gaiety
Soon crumb'd down to humble and vile dust we see:

And thou the Pride of humane Glory, Majesty,

Poor Majesty, alas! how soon thou may

Dwindle to cold, yea into loathsome Clay;

And thou sham World's a meer toy,

That with thy Hopes does starve or cloy,

And at the best thy pageant pomps does bait

With glister, that doth fade and blast in a meer cheat.

O what a Stage of woful Miseries,

And what a Mass of meer Absurdities,

Must Man be, if his Hopes be bounded here,

And nothing more left him for future Hope or Fear?

(3)

But we may truly call,
Bright Majesty the greatest mock of all,
That's sure by Death to catch the forest fall,
From highest splendor plung'd down to the darkest Cell
Of an eternal Nothing, what a grievous knell
Must this to great Ones give, who own no Heav'n no Hell?

(5)

Of all the various Works of this vast frame of Nature,
Man must be the most wretch and forlorn Creature,
If all his carking Care and Hope
Be here at the full brim and top:
When all he grasps at here
Makes him a constant Scene of Torture Grief and Fear;
If his Content and Happiness be here at the full height.
Then soaring Man's indeed a meer compleat unhappy Wight,
And in that case we may suspect
That the Creator's a mean Architect,
That sent his Master-piece forth with so great defect:
While all besides gives perfect Harmonie
Must the poor stripling Man confounded discord, Jargon be,
Here wantring Objects proper to suffice
His prying Pow'rs and touring Faculties,
For all his eager vehemence and bent,]
He still doth aim, but hits short of his wish'd content.

6

NOW meaner Splendors aim you to be wise,
Then copy after Her, whom nothing vain ere did entise,
Who did beyond Earth's Glories some more solid prize,
Who though environ'd with the fauning charms of pleasures;
Liv'd by the safe and surest measures
Of future Hopes, a Scepter sway'd so ev'n,
So wore a Crown on Earth, that to Her might be giv'n
A thousand, thousand times, more glorious Ones in Heav'n.

A. 2.

Q

((4))

O Mortals! for her sake that is gone hence,
Can you a while strain, and abstract from sense,
To view the great Reward of Recompence;
Things Earth here heard, nor ever Eye hath seen,
Nor in the Heart of man conceiv'd have ever been:

Yet if you can a while entrance,
You may perhaps reach a faint glance,
Or a dark shadow of that heav'nly cheer:
Consider when you wonders great admire,
Or when you are in any wise
Struck't in a charming sweet surprisè.
When a surprisè rejoyses you with wonder,
How do you feel, then pray, what pleasures are you under

8.

Then Mortals what think ye,
Of joys that are all *Enthusiasm Extasie*
Where wondrous wonders do surprisè eternally!
Wonders in boundless numbers and in charms
There croud in everlasting Swarms:
There Joys ne'er cloy, nor ever spend,
All bounds and measures they transcend:
There the whole *Scenes* that do present
Are worthy of a pow'r indeed omnipotent,
That can the boundless Appetite,
Satisfy with full delight:
And in a word, boundless desires have there, Omnipotent
Power still on work to forge them ravishing content.

((9))

How admirable are the Rap'ts! O how magnifick!
Is the pure Vision beatifick?

The poynant sakes of seraphick Love
What high flown Transports at each glance they move!

Strange

(5)

Strange Emanations where the beams and rays
Volies rebound, eternal Praise,
When engulf't in divine Caresses wholly,
The Soul still echoes *Holy, Holy, Holy*,
Who was, who is, who ever more shall be;
The First and Last, Him bliss all Saints eternally.

(10)

The most sublim'd extract or refin'd quintessence
Of pleasures of the Earth and Sense,
Are but a shadow faint
Of these prepared for the meanest Saint,
How then stupenduous think ye
Must these admirable great Glories be [Saints as the]
The Mansions furnish'd, and the State prepar'd for such heroick

(11)

If all the Glorifi'd have their Dignity and State,
Advanc'd and highten'd at the rate
They have been on the Earth in Goodness large and Great,
What Glories then must needs attend
A sainted Queen, who did transcend
Her high state Grandour and Descent
By virtue more sublime by far, and far more eminent?

(12)

All flights of humane Wit amazing droup and rail,
Dare not to parcel Her in the retail,
Her whose great Eminence did in proportion ly,
And in Her Virtues uniformity;
Beaties that stand in due proportion feature
In pieces ta'en, they mangle still the fairest Creature::
Then in the whole and platt; you have Her true
Transcendant and surprizing view.
How great how uniform a Radiancy
Gives join'd with verteous Saint-ship sacred Majesty?

These

((67))

These in conjunction Men amaze into a noble awe
Of heavenly as well as of humane Law.

Princes do by Example give

The strongest Persuatives how meaner Men should live:

We always find true Pietie

In Sovereignty so much inherent,

No King without it e'er can be,

G O D's true; but His meer mock Vicegerent:

Dare they Heav'n's Deputation plead

Who throw off all Heav'n's Fear and Dread?

Pretend they thence Commission

Who all Obeysance do disclaim, thereto refuse submission?

Heav'n's Darling then and best beloved Minion

A compleat Title had to Her triple Dominion.

((131))

Now Muse, I dread thou may apace

Damm up thy Sorrows at the thought of Her great Happiness,

Were it not at poor Mortals cost alas,

A Happiness so great nought can express,

Or equal, in its greatness, but our loss:

O! but wise Providence seems cross,

flips

And in a Riddle slips! when here

One thing doth with such different views appear:

The Soul whose aspect gives so bright above

Should in reverse on Earth nought but black Anguish move:

To make the odes in this strange Matter ev'n,

This plain Solution may be giv'n.

((114))

Brittain has ne'er such a crown'd Female seen;

So ne'er deserv'd to keep that Queen:

Sure Guilt that wearied out long-suffering Patience

Alone removed her from hence:

Ju-

Justice it was decreed in the Conclave of Heav'n,
That this grand master-piece, Struck must alas to Earth be giv'n:

Yea, by a fervent tendency and bent

She's flown to Heav'n Her Element,

As Weight down goes, Flame upward bends,

And each thing to its proper Center tends:

What can Laws fix, controul

Or stop the eager flight of a Heav'n-ward aspiring Soul;

No wonder then that She's so quickly gone

When Prefs and Benfil thereto join their power in one,

And Heav'n rejoice, but Earth be left to moan;

But Courage *Hero*, grieve not at the rate,

As if Her Fate

Were to be quite annihilat;

Or as You grudg'd Her early Happinefs

'Cause She's out-strippt, You in Her Race to blifs:

It's Guilt alone gives Men great cause to grieve,

Deep Sorrow may polluted Souls relieve:

Then at this Schock You truly may

Stand clos to Your wonted Tranquillity,

And brighten pale Grief with a calm Serenity:

This is a Champion Bravery,

It gives the air of high Majestick State,

Thus You atchieve a true and grand heroick Fate

In discipline of Christian Chevalury,

Which far out-weighs all other kind of Gallantry,

And in a Prince above all gives a sublime decency.

Great Souls for great and equal Ends created are;

Affwage then discord Grief, pray do not marr

Heav'n's Notes of concord with Thy uncouth jarr,

And

And Heav'n's pure Harmony,
But let his Rites a Consonant Chime of high flown Melody:

So prosper Monarch in the double Charge
Of Royal Care: Her Death to You to You alone bequeaths,
Heav'n in proportion will Your Crown enlarge
With everlasting glorious *Palm* with *Bays* and *Wreaths*.

F I N I S.

